

Dr. CANN RETURNS THE MEDICINE

SUTTON UNITED forced Wycombe to swallow a dose of their own medicine at Loakes Park on Saturday.

Having defended for almost the entire match, they disarmed the Wanderers with a shock breakthrough just 12 minutes from time; almost as if they had purposely planned a carbon copy reproduction of Wycombe's own tactics earlier in the season at Sutton, where a breakaway goal in the 85th minute had completely belied the state of the game, with Wycombe snatching victory.

If they had, then their contrived revenge worked like a dream.

But, how typical of Wycombe's much respected former team boss, Sid Cann, to turn the tables so completely.

At the time, it seemed that Wanderers were simply out-playing a somewhat docile side still suffering a hangover from their Amateur Cup Final failure the previous Saturday at Wembley.

Other than right winger, Trevor Bladon, the Sutton attack rarely reared from its shell.

But, on reflection, and taking into consideration a truly stunning performance between the visitors' 'sticks' by Dave

By MIKE
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W. Wanderers 0, Sutton U. 1

Roffey, perhaps Sutton deserved their victory in as much as they successfully did what they had intended.

Certainly, despite some fluent, oft times splendid football through their ranks, from build-up to fully-fledged attack, the fact remains that Wycombe couldn't break through a tight defensive network, even with 80 per cent of the play to their credit.

And, when the time came for United to strike, they did so with a precision only to be expected of a Sid Cann machine.

Wanderers suffered a 12th hour setback when John Maskell cried off before kick off and John Pratt had to be syphoned from the Reserve squad due to leave for Hitchin.

But, Pratt's afternoon was spent for the most part inactive as Wycombe's total domination of the first period, left his half of the field deserted.

The emphasis fell on Wycombe's industrious forwards, who accepted the responsibility with relish.

Len Worley weaved his way into the picture with a series of runs and a stream of pinpoint corner-kicks, while Vince Faulkner showed his immeasurable improvement in this, his second spell as centre-forward particularly in the air.

Sutton kicked off with only ten men, and before their absentee, Howard had joined his colleagues on the field, were already counting themselves lucky as Dave Thomas blazed high in the 2nd minute.

Wycombe used what little space Sutton's covering afforded them to the utmost, and a concentration on the left of Faulkner, Horseman and Samuels forced Garfield into kicking clear for a corner, while in the same 14th minute a Samuels' shot looked promising before flying high of the bar.

Pratt's only anxious moment came two minutes later as Pritchard deflected the line of a Bladon drive. He met the ball safely however, and the Wycombe barrage continued.

A desperate lunge from Tony Horseman missed Lou Temel's lethal crosskick by a split second after 20 minutes.

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Worley, in fine form, flighted every one of a string of corners to full effect, but Roffey's timing was impeccable, and a constant saviour for Sutton with so many eager blue shirts on hand.

He even met a direct Worley shot that changed direction twice as it covered 30-yards from the left flank and threatened to swing inside the top corner.

Straight from the first whistle after half-time, Faulkner won a corner, harassing Clarke into a careless back-pass. It was the signal for another onslaught.

Yet, Roffey gave nothing away, tipping Ian Rundle's header over for what made Wycombe's 14th corner of the game so far. With Julian Lailey proving the stumbling block of any Sutton aggressiveness, nothing much crept through to trouble Pratt.

But, United's attitude changed noticeably in the last quarter, in which they made their bid for the second point. The first part of their plan had been achieved, and now with frustration ripe among Wycombe's team, they moved upfield for part two.

Accordingly, in the 78th minute, right half, Brookes lashed the winner between Pratt and a post.